Feb 1922

29 (3) Tuesday

(?) = 24v

Your nice letter just come.

I return Anne, to ut your heart at rest, & I should like Norton back to report on my catacombs. According to Lytton, he's worse than ever, sweats profusely under the armpits, & cangeals of left wheat - moment.

Ott is upon me - perhaps Philip too.

What is one to do ?

I'm sure I should shine in your society; & for Gods sake make friends with Mr Joyce. I particularly want to know what

24
(=29v)

he's like.

Also, do you know a Mr or
Mrs Manning Sanders?
The woman, whose poem we're
printing, came to tea the
other day, & jumped at the
sound of your name, apparently
admiring your works. She
haunts Fitzroy Street. Her
husband was a painter
till he got struck in the legs
& now can only write novels.
I can't place her. She has
lately written happened in Paris.
rather vorticl. Squalid, & sympathetic -
(Mrs. M-S. I mean)

NYPL

HAMILTON 2/10/68

Mar 15
1922

23

Hogarth.
Wednesday.

Dearest.

It seems to me that circumstance which I don't control will make it impossible to come up on Friday

Would you be able to come for certain on Friday? Boto want to come; I want me to let her know tomorrow morning. So have the extreme goodness to ring me up tomorrow as early as you like. The little one my ringing you up. Nothing happens.

Would you add to your kindness by at once delivering this message to Maynard?

Miss Green is extremely anxious to know whether Maynard thinks that there is any chance of his wanting her for the work

in the Manchester Guardian.

She has just rung up about it, & seems to be rather urgent, so I said I would try & get an answer.

She is penniless, toothless, — all the rest fit.

Ever B

NYPL

I think Julian's letters about the best I have ever read. I do thank correspond.

HAMILL 2/10/68

April 1922

27

Monks House,
Sunday

Dearest,

I hope you won't mind Nelly coming to you for the night. She has got into a state about her health, & suddenly announces that the journey up & down to see Lottie is too much, so we are arranging for her to stay at Hogarth until we come back. She'll go there on Tuesday, if you can have her for the night.

We shall probably stay on a week or 10 days, if we can get someone here to do for us. Oh these domestics! What a worry & fidget they are!

I am coming up, I think, on Thursday next to see Lottie. Could you possibly give me lunch, either at the studio or Gordon Sq. are? I'll let you know

27v

for certain, as other events may interfere. Or shall
you be coming to Charleston?[2]

At moments it is divinely lovely here –
hot birds, daffodils, blue sky: generally a mixture mop of
rain & mud & a cold east wind. Thank God we're
not in Essex with the Wells', as we should be
had just told a lie.

I should like to see Julian, in order to
see what difference school has made. I'll
try & buy him a swimming duck. Tell him,
with my love.

Yr VW.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

April

1922

28

Monday.

Dearest,

Yes, I have been & got a horse out the flowers, — & now must forage for string & paper all for the love of you.

Shall I get a letter in reply? Well, the pen is lost. No it isn't. Duncan had one that night to write his cheque with.

You are wise not to come into the country, when you are devoured with a passion for work — as I am. I write - read - write - read - from morning to night. For an hour I wet myself on the high road — back to tea — Shakespeare. Joyce — & so on. It is a very exciting life, entirely devoid of human things.

But, as you say, leads to damned dull letters. Well, can't you send me a little news? Do the cat & dog go out as much as ever? — or are they keeping the fire warm?

Never did I read such an outburst of spite as Wyndham Lewis on Clive in the Herald. Why do you artists write like that? We don't. Even

poor little squint eyed Mary would it.

I must write to your husband. Why doesn't he say a word about his play? I asked him to send it to Betty. He replies with a full account of Lady Abercorn's party & sends me some chocolates — nothing else. What is Mary up to?

We have got to spend the day at Gale with the Cecils. all very old world; combard with your visit from Nina, who according to Clive wears an umbrella. We are also going to play with H.G. Wells. Why do we do such things? Just to catch a glimpse of life — it don't much matter what. All's milk that comes to my mill, as you would say. Must I for ever invent your sayings, or shall we ever drop into the old familiar gossip? Is the shade of death between us, & is this my valediction to one who played a part in youthful joints & politics? I must weed my bath. Then to art over tea: then Joyce, Shakespeare & so on. Life is too short;

But still there's time to kiss Duncan on the neck; select a pen; brew a little ink out of lamp black — you haunters on lamp black don't you? Should I like Colman's pictures? VW

HAMLET 2/10/64

14 May
1922

Dearest,

I'm afraid we shan't be able to come tomorrow, as my heart has gone rather queer. However, I hope to be all right in a day or two.

Perhaps I might come to tea on Friday.[2] If that suited you.

Don't you think this is the letter for a prize pig?

Yr W.